EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

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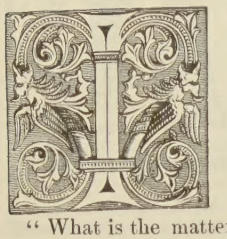
A ROMAN LADY READING.

THE EXCHANGE OFFICE.

BY MISS E. O. WHITE.



WISH I could be somebody else just for a change," said Barbara Wyatt, putting down her candle and giving one of her bronzed slippers an impatient kick across the floor.

"What is the matter now, dear?" asked her older sister, whose room she shared.

"It's that horrid dancing-school! It gets worse and worse every time. None of the boys like to dance with me, and I can never think of anything to say to them when they do. Frances, you can't think how trying it is to be plain, and five feet five inches tall, when you are only fourteen years old, and to have a thin wisp of hair, and a mother who doesn't approve of bangs. Oh, dear! I would like to change my face and my figure and my character and everything about me, especially my feet. I don't like to wear number five-and-a-half boots."

Frances was a little deaf; so Barbara shouted out her complaints in louder and louder tones, fairly screaming the last sentence.

"Why don't you wear sixes, then?" said her brother, who was passing outside the door.

"That is just like Geoffry; he never appreciates my trials. You do, you dear thing! You never preach like Mamma, nor laugh at me like Geoffry, nor say like Papa, 'Be thankful, Barbara, that you have not lost one of your arms, like poor old Michael O'Brien.' It doesn't make it any easier for me to have thin, ugly arms because Michael has but one. What does he have to do with it any way? I 'm not comparing myself with unfortunate people like that, but with happy ones. How I wish I were Evelyn Cox! When I see her dancing all the evening with Arthur Kent, and he doesn't come near me, and I know I'm just as good as she, and a great deal brighter, only stupidly shy and hideously plain, — then I think I would give anything in the world to have her graceful way, and lovely fair hair and blue eyes. How she can look at one out of those eyes of hers! But now if I were to look like that," — Barbara tried it, and the result was so funny that her sister laughed heartily. Frances became serious in a minute, however.

"It is hard to be plain," she said; "there is no getting away from that fact. It is much nicer to be pretty, in spite of all the wise maxims; but those of us who don't have the best have to learn to adjust ourselves to circumstances and make the most of what we have. Nobody can teach us this; we have to struggle on until we find it out for ourselves."

Something in Frances' tones struck Barbara. It suddenly occurred to her that her charming sister was quite as plain as she; and then she was deaf besides. Frances, however, was so delightful that no one minded these things in connection with her.

"I saw a funny sign on a queer little shop, the other day when I was in Boston, — '*Wanted left-off teeth, and second-hand clothes! Articles swapped.*' I should have liked to have gone in there and changed all my features and traits for those of somebody else."

Barbara had said this in a sleepy voice, for she had taken her place in bed by Frances' side. Presently, she could not tell how it happened, she was walking past the "Exchange Office," and was surprised to find a new sign hanging there, — "*Characters, features, and circumstances swapped*," she read. She went eagerly in, and said to the rough man who tended the counter, —

"I want light hair, please, and a small, slight figure; and — oh, yes — I especially want little feet. Two and a half or three I think will be the right number."

"We can't give you but two feet, Miss," interposed the clerk.

Barbara, who was always impatient of jokes unless she made them herself, paid no attention to this sally, but continued her list: —

"I want the kind of blue eyes that look out under long lashes, — so, — without making me look like a fool, a lively manner, and the trick of saying foolish things so that they seem wise. I will keep my circumstances just as they are, only I should like some new dresses. I don't want to change my family at all, except my brother Geoffry. I — "

"Not so fast," said the man, "you can't fix things that way. You've got to make a clean swap, and be in somebody else's shoes for awhile, instead of your own."

"What a vulgar person!" thought Barbara; "and yet it will be pleasant to be literally in somebody else's shoes."

"Whom would you like to change with?" he asked.

"Evelyn Cox," she replied promptly. "Only I don't like her last name, nor her cross sister Julia. They are always quarrelling. Geoffry says they live like *fighting cocks*. That boy's puns get worse and worse every day; it will be good to have a rest from him. I can have Frances instead of Julia, of course?"

"Certainly not; you've got to go the whole figure, and take Evelyn's family along with her good looks."

Barbara hesitated. Mrs. Cox was a kindly but somewhat unrefined person, and Julia a peevish invalid; but then one would bear a great deal for the sake of being so pretty; besides, there was Arthur Kent, who would be devoted to her if she were Evelyn. The thought of him turned the scale.

"We only swap characters for twenty-four hours at a time," said the clerk; "but if you like being Evelyn, I will put your name down for some more days."

The first thing that Barbara was conscious of, after the change was made, and she was sitting in the Cox's gaudy parlor, was a curious sense of limitation. The present had suddenly become tame and stupid, and there was nothing interestingly suggestive about the future. She had a stifled feeling, which made her hastily push up the window.

She looked across the undulating meadows to the distant river. This surely could not be the same view that gave her such keen pleasure at home! What was there to interest one in a cow-pasture, and a bit of water and a few trees! She picked up "Ivanhoe," and wondered how she ever could have been so excited over such a prosy book. What did she care how it ended!

She still had enough of her old self left dimly to realize that something had gone out of her life which had once given it all its zest; but perhaps it would be different when the evening came, for it was dancing-school night.

By that time she had become so accustomed to being Evelyn Cox that she felt no surprise when she saw how unattractive Arthur Kent looked.

"Tiresome boy! I suppose he is going to stick to me like a burr, as usual," she thought.

"There is that poor Barbara Wyatt alone over in the corner," she observed to him presently; "how horrid it must be to be a wall-flower!"

"Perhaps I ought to dance the Lancers with her," he said.

"Oh! never mind about her, she doesn't like to dance;" for although Arthur Kent was an ugly awkward boy, it was pleasanter to talk to him than to nobody, handsome Geoffry Wyatt being engrossed with Marian Grey.

A slight consciousness of her old self came to Barbara at this moment, and she was surprised to see how fascinating her brother looked when seen with Evelyn's eyes. "I wonder if we all want what we can't get," she thought.

The evening had been a failure, there was no doubt about that; for Marian had danced even more than she, and, worst of all, Geoffry Wyatt had not been near her once.

"Oh, dear!" she sighed, "I wish I were Marian Grey! What's the use in having golden hair and blue eyes and the prettiest dress in the room, if people would rather talk to a girl like her? Everybody likes her in spite of her clothes, and she always has a good time everywhere."

"Well, I have mother and Frances to sympathize with me," she thought; "but, no, I have n't either! I wonder whether Mrs. Cox — mother, I mean — and Julia will be up when I get back. I wish my sister went to dancing-school with me like Barbara Wyatt's, and that I had such a delightful brother. Oh, I'm getting all mixed up, and forgetting who I am any way!"

She found Mrs. Cox awaiting her in the parlor.

"Well, Evelyn, for the land's sake, if you have n't torn your silk dress!"

"I wish you would n't use such expressions, mother; Mrs. Wyatt does n't," she said crossly.

"Evelyn," called out Julia, "can't you make less noise coming upstairs? You 've waked me up, and I sha' n't sleep a wink all night."

"It was a failure," said Barbara frankly, when she returned to the Exchange Office. "I would rather be myself than Evelyn, plain and awkward as I am. But I should like to be Marian Grey; she is lovely to look at, and as sweet as she can be. I am sure she is always happy, for she has everything to make her so, and she never looks discontented like Evelyn."

"I will take down your application," said the man; "but you 've got to be your sister Frances first. She came in just after you went ont, and asked to change with you. We takes 'em in their order."

"But I don't want to be Frances; I don't want to be twenty-three years old, and deaf!"

"You 've just got to try it," said the man. "It's a poor rule that don't work both ways; and if you want to be other folks, you can't be surprised that other folks want to be you."

"No," admitted Barbara, "I suppose I can't."

Nevertheless, the idea of being Frances was appalling to her; for although no one was so sympathetic and delightful as her sister, she had a hard time.

"I shall have to do all the family mending and go to market, and I don't know anything about marketing. I once asked for a spring chicken in March, and when it came it was so tough we could n't eat it. Geoffry called it 'the last hen of summer.' Speaking of Geoffry, I shall have to help him with his Latin, and I don't know half as much as he does; however, if I am Frances I suppose I shall have her knowledge too. But

worst of all, I shall have to fit my sister Barbara's dresses and keep her things in order, and she will interrupt me twenty times a day to tell me about her troubles; and I shall have to see that she does her practising. Oh, my poor sister Frances, what a life that wretch leads you!"

When Barbara was enveloped in Frances' personality, she found to her surprise that she felt a sudden sense of expansion. The world seemed to have put on an added touch of loveliness; her favorite books had a deeper significance, so that she felt as if she were reading between the lines; and all the trials of her youth seemed so childish in the face of her new experience, that she wondered how Frances could have borne with her so patiently in the old days. It was not that life had grown easier, but that she no longer minded its being hard; and the deafness to which she had looked forward with such dread seemed to be what had opened her mind to the new meaning she saw in everything. "It is that which makes me so sorry for everybody who has suffered in any way," she thought.

"Now I can be Marian Grey," said Barbara, when she had returned once more to the Exchange Office. "It is much nicer to be Frances than I expected, but Marian is just as lovely as she, and has an easier time."

"There is one more application before yours," returned the clerk. "It is from Michael O'Brien, the man with only one arm."

"Oh!" said the girl quickly, "I can't stand that; we must draw the line somewhere. I would rather never be Marian Grey if I have to be that man first. I would rather —"

"But you must try it," said the inexorable clerk.

"I can't! I can't! I can't!"

She ran out of the Exchange Office, and looking back she saw him in hot pursuit. He came nearer and nearer. He took her by the shoulder and gave her a rough shake. She screamed.

"Wake up dear!" said her sister Frances. "Oh, I am sorry I frightened you."

"I've had the strangest dream," said Barbara, rubbing her eyes and slowly coming to herself. "I'm so thankful I have n't got to be that one-armed man. Poor thing! I never felt half sorry enough for him before. But I should have liked to be Marian Grey! I never can get over it that I did n't have a chance to see how things look to her. However, as you said last night, Frances, those of us who don't have the best, have just got to make the best of what we have."

THE AMBITIOUS KANGAROO.

They held a great meeting a king to select,
And the kangaroo rose in a dignified way,
And said, "I'm the one you should surely elect,
For I can outleap every beast here to-day."
Said the eagle, "How high can you climb toward the sky?"
Said the nightingale, "Favor us, please, with a song."
Said the hawk, "Let us measure our powers of eye."
Said the lion, "Come wrestle, and prove you are strong."
But the kangaroo said, "It would surely be best,
In our choice of a king, to make leaping the test."

"Order is heaven's first law," and it ought to be first, middle, and end of every law in the Sunday-school. No school can be a perfect success unless governed by one intelligent will. Amid noise and confusion no thorough work can be accomplished.

History and Biography.

THE YOUNG TORY.

BY M. E. N. HATHAWAY.

In one of the old New England towns, while the War of the Revolution was in progress, there lived a boy named Stephen Hadley, who by unconscious participation in a treasonable exploit won for himself the title of "Tory." He had just reached his fifth birthday when the war began, and in his quiet inland home, more than twenty miles distant, he listened to the roar of the cannon at Bunker Hill, — a sound never to be forgotten. And as the troubled years went by with their uncertain fortunes, he heard much of the conflict going on in different parts of the country; but he knew more of the strife between the Whigs and Tories in his own neighborhood than he did of the fighting on the battlefields. The Hadleys, like many other families at that contentious period, were divided among themselves; so that while Stephen's father and uncles supported the cause of the colonists in opposition to the authority of Great Britain, his grandfather remained a firm adherent to the old order of government and an ardent admirer of British institutions.

"Gran'ther Nelson" lived on a large farm where boys could be made extremely useful, and he nearly always had some of his young grandsons with him as visitors, whom he kept actively employed in occupations adapted to their age, such as pulling weeds, picking stones, and driving cows. One summer, therefore, in accordance with his usual custom, he went down to Beechwoods Plain, where little Stephen's home then was, and gave him an invitation to come and spend a few weeks at the farm. Stephen was pleased to have the opportunity, and he rode off on horseback in front of Gran'ther Nelson, thinking of the flocks of new lambs and geese he would see, and of the sweet apples and ripe berries he would gather in the fields and orchards. He found plenty of work awaiting his arrival, enough indeed to keep him engaged the greater part of the time; but when his tasks were done he had full liberty for play, and so managed to secure a sufficient amount of recreation to make the days pass very agreeably.

For several months nothing had been heard from the American army but reports of defeat and destitution, and consequently all the Whigs throughout the land were disheartened and full of gloomy forebodings, while the Tories were loud in their expressions of rejoicing. Gran'ther Nelson was especially gratified at this state of affairs, and being a man of irritable temper and hasty speech he soon excited the anger and hostility of those about him who entertained different opinions; and he continued to declare his obnoxious sentiments regardless of the warning of friends and foes, till he reached a climax of audacity that brought down upon him a check which served as needful discipline to his turbulent spirit. One morning as he was raking in a hay-field followed by Stephen, he stopped suddenly as though moved by an irresistible impulse, and pointing to a large rock that stood near, exclaimed vehemently, "Boy, get up there, and give three cheers for King George!"

Stephen, though startled by this command, dared not disobey; so he climbed to the top of the rock, and with all his small might began to cheer for the Majesty of Great Britain. But his demonstration was too feeble to satisfy the overflowing enthusiasm of Gran'ther Nelson; so he mounted the rock himself, and swinging his hat, in a stentorian voice poured forth his hurrahs till his spasm of loyalty had spent its fury. His position was on a hillside above the high river-bank, and his shouts echoed and re-echoed across the adjacent farms and over the river; and the result was that before night he was arrested on the charge of seditious conduct and shut up in jail, where he was forced to remain until he had pledged himself to keep the peace.

Little Stephen returned home feeling exceedingly grieved and angry on his grandfather's account, and no explanation that could be made to him on the subject was sufficient to pacify his indignation; so that some of his older relatives dubbed him "the Young Tory."

A few weeks after this event he was sent on an errand to his aunt who lived a short distance away. He found her busy at her loom weaving some coarse cloth called "kersey," which was to be made into clothes for her husband and sons; and he stopped a few minutes and stood by her side to watch the shuttle as it flew back and forth driven by her skilful fingers. Uncle John came in about the same time from the garden to light his pipe, and he, too, stopped a while to watch the flying shuttle and the growing web. By-and-by he said in a harsh voice, with a heavy scowl on his face, "We've come to the conclusion that the Tories ought to be hung, they've made so much trouble through the country;" and before any one could suspect what he meant he took a stout skein of yarn from Aunt Hannah's basket and knotted it around Stephen's waist and suspended him from one of the posts of the loom.

This was not a very pleasant joke for Stephen, and he struggled to make his escape, quite convinced that small boys were the most unfortunate beings in the whole world. After Uncle John had enjoyed a hearty laugh at his expense, he released him and sent him home with a basket of apples as a peace-offering. Stephen lived to be an old man, and till his latest years was fond of recounting his recollections of the Revolutionary War, and used often to visit the hill and point out the rock where in obedience to the command of Gran'ther Nelson he cheered for King George.

I see in the world two heaps, — human happiness and misery. If I can take but the smallest bit from one heap and add to the other, I have carried a point. If a child has dropped a half penny, and by giving it another I can wipe away its tears, I feel I have done something. I should be glad, indeed, to do greater things, but I never will neglect this. — *Rev. John Newton.*

Evil thoughts are worse enemies than lions or tigers; for we can keep out of the way of wild beasts, but bad thoughts win their way everywhere. The cup that is full will hold no more. Keep your head and heart full of good thoughts and right feelings, that bad ones may find no room to enter. — *Selected.*

Hearts, like doors, can ope with ease
To very, very little keys.
And don't forget that two are these, —
"I thank you, sir," and "If you please."

Our Letter-Box.

We would acknowledge notes from W. H. Keith, Ollie C., Genie Hirsh, Stella Weaver, and Rebecca L. Marsh, containing correct answers to puzzles in Nos. 11, 12, 14, and 15; and we would thank "Florence," and L. E. W. for their short letters expressing an interest in our welfare. E. M. K aged nine, besides sending answers to nearly all the puzzles in No. 14, has labored over the Bible Questions in that paper. She has seen, before this, how very few mistakes she made in her answers. We shall be pleased to hear from her again.

Dear Editor, — I have noticed that you do not have so many letters in your paper as you used to, so I thought I would write one. I enjoy reading the Every Other Sunday very much. I have a very nice teacher. I have two sisters; their names are Annie and Julia. I have a cat named Tom; he will not scratch or bite strangers or me.

Your well-wisher,

Florence.

Boston.

Dear Editor,— Some of the girls in my class said they were going to write to you, so I thought I would. I do not go to school very regularly, because we live quite a way off. I have a little sister Flossie.

Yours truly,

L. E. W.

Boston.

And now we come to a letter that pleases us very much. It is in answer to a request of ours made in No. 12. We did not think, when we asked the question, that children were so often on the lips of the Teacher: children of light, of darkness, of wisdom, of the bridegroom, he speaks of. Hattie has done well to find so many. We give below a further list of references for her to look at, and would al-o remind her that the daughter of Jairus, whom Jesus raised from the dead, was a child of twelve years. She will find the story in Matt. v. and Luke viii.

Matt. i. 18, 23.	Matt. xviii. 6, 10.	Luke i. 76.
Matt. v. 45.	Matt. xix. 29.	Luke ii. 40.
Matt. viii. 12.	Matt. xxi. 15, 16.	Luke v. 34, 35.
Matt. ix. 15.	Matt. xxiii. 15, 31.	Luke vi. 35.
Matt. x. 21.	Mark ii. 19.	Luke vii. 35.
Matt. xi. 19, 25.	Mark vii. 27, 28.	Luke x. 21.
Matt. xiii. 38.	Mark ix. 37.	Luke xvi. 8.
Matt. xv. 26.	Mark x. 15.	John viii. 39.
Matt. xvii. 18, 26.	Mark xiii. 12.	John xii. 36.

Dear Editor,— You asked us to find out how many times children were mentioned in the Gospels. It is as follows: —

Child: Matt. ii. 8, 9, 11, 13, 14, 20, 21; xviii. 2, 4, 5. Mark ix. 21, 36. Luke i. 7, 59, 66, 80; ii. 5, 17, 27, 34, 4.; ix. 38, 42, 47, 48.

Children: Matt. ii. 16, 18; iii. 9; v. 9; vii. 11; x. 21; xi. 16; xii. 27; xv. 38; xviii. 3, 25; xix. 14; xx. 20. Mark ix. 37; x. 14, 29, 30; xii. 19. Luke iii. 8; vii. 32; xi. 7; xiv. 26; xviii. 16, 29; xx. 28, 29, 31, 34, 36; xxiii. 28. John. iv. 49; xi. 52; xxi. 5.

Hattie P. K., aged 13.

Bennington, Vermont.

NEW TESTAMENT ENIGMA.

I am composed of 34 letters.

My 20, 2, 5, 18, 15, 6, is he to whom Paul appealed.

My 20, 15, 7, 2, 30, 4, 15, 29, is one of the high priests before whom Jesus was brought.

My 20, 13, 32, 24, 8, 5, was the home of that Simon who bore the cross for Jesus.

My 18, 28, 20, 12, 2, 6, is that city of Samaria at which Jesus had the conversation with the woman at the well.

My 29, 31, 22, 24, 10, 25, is a devout Jew, who, when Jesus was brought to the Temple in his infancy, recognized him as the Messiah.

My 30, 24, 16, 9, 5, 20, 21, 18, 3, is the Jewish feast which the disciples were celebrating when the gift of tongues was bestowed upon them.

My 32, 24, 30, 5, 16, 11, John the Baptist came crying.

My 29, 14, 5, 30, 12, 24, 32, 17, Jesus called him self.

My 23, 2, 17, 29, 33, 21, 25, 18, Jesus told his disciples there would be in heaven.

My 26, 5, 27, 2, 18, was Paul's companion during his first imprisonment at Rome.

My 34, 19, 3, 4, 5, 29, all pious Jews paid to the officers of the Temple.

My 1, 19, 18, 4, Jesus is said to have eaten with some of his disciples after his resurrection.

My whole, are the last words of Jesus.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

46. What occasioned the institution of the Jewish feast of the Passover?

47. What plagues had been inflicted upon the Egyptians previous to this event?

48. What were the first preparations for the celebration of the Passover?

49. Mention the chief characteristics of the celebration.

50. What were the special sacrifices required for the feast?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 16.

Enigma XV. Easter Sunday.

Acrostic IV. Job. Ox. Sarah. Hiram. Uzziah. Abel. — Joshua.

For Youngest Readers.

GOING TO VISIT GRANDMA.

A TRUE STORY.

BY M. E. P.

What a world of happiness these few words contain! At least I know two little girls to whom they meant a grand, good time.

These little girls had two friends about their age, whom Grandma invited with them every summer; and *they* also looked forward to that visit quite as anxiously.

Grandma lived just far enough from the city to be in the country; and to the little city girls who had not much room to play out of doors it was a real treat to go out in the great fields where they were free to stay out in the pure, fresh air all day long.

Grandpa's house was on a farm. It set near the road with large fields on all sides. The one back of the house was a sheep-pasture, which the girls did not like to go to because there was a ram there that looked very ugly; but they always had wanted to see what was on the other side of that hill.

One day there was not an animal in sight, and they thought, "Now is our chance!" So they ventured boldly in, and walked up to the top of the long hill. "Oh, Emma!" shouted Maud in a frightened voice, "there's the ram!" and not stopping to see anything else they ran as fast as their little feet could carry them to the fence; but Emma tripped and fell, and by the time she had picked herself up the ram was close upon her, and her only safeguard was to take him by the horns. This she did with much coolness, and held him tight till the other little girls were safely over the fence; then while they ran to attract the ram's attention she had just time to get over herself. Of course, they were very much frightened and never went there again.

The girls usually went to Grandma's in haying-time, for they liked to help Grandpa rake; and then it was *such* fun to ride in on the great loads of hay, and the air smelled so sweet too.

Not far in front of the house was the river and a saw-mill. They were not allowed to go there without Grandpa. He was very fond of children, and always did his gardening and other work early, so he could take them to the mill every day. Here they could sit on the river-bank and watch the men fasten the iron chains to the great logs which were drawn up over the inclined plane into the mill, where they could hear the saws buzzing and humming that cut the logs into boards and shingles ready for building. Then they were made up into rafts to be sent down the river to the lumber-market; and all this interested the children each day anew.

In the evening, when it was too damp to stay out of doors, then came the happy hour. Grandma with her knitting, Grandpa with his cat, sat in their two armchairs, while the four little girls listened attentively to stories told or read; and Grandpa always did know so many good stories.

The first night when Grandma went into their room to turn out the light and see that they were all right, Maud said to her, "Oh, Grandma! you do look so pretty in your night-cap!" This amused Grandma very much, that an old lady in a cap could possibly "look pretty;" but the dear old wrinkled face never did look prettier than in the snowy-white night-cap.

"Would n't it be fun if we could wear night-caps, too?" said Emma; and Maud, Nellie, and Mary all agreed that it would, although they never thought of the extra work they were making Grandma, for she always washed and ironed them herself. But Grandma did not think of that, either, for she liked to please her little girls; so she got out four pretty ruffled caps and tied them on to their heads, heard their prayers and left them, for it was getting late. It was not long before they were sound asleep, and Grandma took Grandpa in to see the four little white heads all in a row, — a cunning sight, and one not missed any night so long as they were there.

The little girls spent two weeks at Grandma's, and came home with many a happy tale to tell of their visit; but the night-caps pleased them most of all.

THE NIGHTINGALE'S SONG.

Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

ELEPHANTS AT HOME.

BY S. L. CLAYES.

Uncle Philip had been away from home for a great many years, and he had travelled all over the world, the children believed. He had hunted lions and tigers in India, and had even shot a gorilla in Africa.

Tom thought that of all the wonderful things his uncle had seen, he would rather hear him tell about the elephants than anything else; and so, on the first opportunity, he began to beg for stories of them.

"I don't care about circus-elephant stories, Uncle; but I do want to hear about the real natural elephants, just as they are in the countries where they live when they are at home," said Tom.

"Which will you have, wild or tame ones?" asked his uncle. "The wild ones are a good deal like any other wild beast, except for their immense size; but you would be surprised to know how wise and gentle some of the great awkward fellows become when they are domesticated and well-trained."

"Oh, the tame ones then, Uncle," was Tom's choice; and his uncle began.

"I will tell you of an adventure I once had with one, in which a well-bred man of the world could hardly have shown a more courteous spirit than was displayed by this enormous pachyderm."

"Pachyderm?" asked Tom. "What is that?"

"It is a name applied to animals with very thick skins," his uncle answered; "and it comes from two Greek words that mean thick-skinned. All elephants belong to the pachyderms; and so do the rhinoceros, the horse, ass, hog, and a good many other animals.

"Now, you must know that the Eastern people believe elephants have a natural antipathy for, or fear of, a horse, and overcome that fear only through training. Perhaps the feeling may be mutual between the two animals. At the time of this adventure I was riding a horse that was unused to elephants. We were going through a narrow forest road, when suddenly my horse became uneasy; I could not imagine why, as I could neither hear nor see anything. Soon, however, I began to hear the regular heavy tread of an elephant, accompanied at intervals with a peculiar sound like 'Urmph! urmph!' in a hoarse, complaining tone. A turn in the road soon gave an explanation of the mystery by showing a tame elephant, which was coming towards us. The creature had been trusted to do his work quite alone. He was carrying a heavy stick of timber across his tusks, which he found it difficult to balance. The road was so narrow that he was forced to bend his head considerably to one side, so that the stick might pass through it endways. He managed it cleverly; but it was evident the work was both difficult and distasteful to the poor fellow, and he was groaning and protesting as a human being might, though honorably laboring all the while to accomplish his task.

"My horse stopped to reconnoitre this strange display. The elephant, perceiving us, threw down the timber he was carrying and forced his huge body back among the brushwood, so as to leave a sufficient space for us to pass. But my horse was still unwilling to move on. The elephant saw it, and thrust himself still farther back, leaving us now the whole of the roadway, and inviting us by a peculiar, encouraging note to avail ourselves of his politeness. I wished to see what the instinct of my horse would lead him to do, so I did not interfere with him. He still stood trembling, and again the elephant backed a little deeper into the thick jungle. When at last the horse, all in a quiver and with great hesitation, had passed the spot, the wise creature came out into the road again, picked up his timber, and went upon his difficult way; while, every few moments, I heard again the 'Urmph! urmph!' of his complaint. Now, Tom, it has always seemed to me that the most kindly spirited gentleman could not have shown a more tolerant charity for what must have looked to him like the folly of the horse than this great brute did.

"Under proper training elephants become so gentle and reliable that mothers will sometimes trust their very little children — babies, indeed — to their care; and it is a curious sight to see the great nurse caring for its little charge. The elephant will allow the child to crawl about, removing from before it any tangle of grass or vines that might prove an inconvenience or danger to the baby. But should it attempt to go beyond the bounds of the elephant's tether, he will gently lift the infant back to a proper place with his trunk, guarding its every movement with a more tender care than human nursemaids sometimes do.

"But although elephants are so gentle when well-used, the stories, which I dare say you have heard, about the circus-elephants remembering and revenging the cruel or idle tricks played upon them, are in many cases no doubt true. I once saw an elephant-keeper, who had a cocoanut in his hand, break it upon the head of an elephant in his charge. Within a day or two the same elephant, passing a fruit-shop, picked up a cocoanut, and striking the keeper with it upon the head, killed him instantly.

"Perhaps the trunk is quite the most wonderful thing about the elephant. It is as supple and useful as a person's hand, and combines the utmost delicacy of touch with immense strength. With it the elephant can, apparently with nearly equal ease, pick up a pin from the floor or uproot a large tree. The trunk is composed of an immense bundle of muscular fibres (Cuvier reckons them to be not less than 40,000 in number), interlaced at every conceivable angle. At the end is a sort of finger, with something like a thumb to shut against; and just at the end, too, seems to lie the elephant's sense of smell, which is exquisite. One old writer cleverly calls the trunk 'a hand with a nose in it.'

"Elephants are fond of perfumes, and especially of the odor of flowers. The great creatures will pluck the sweetest smelling blossoms, one by one, make a bouquet of them, and, after sniffing at them for a while, will carry them to the mouth apparently to enjoy their taste as well as smell.

"The Kaffirs, who are a very superstitious race, stand in great awe of the trunk, which they cut off and bury as soon as possible after killing an elephant, saying. 'The elephant is a great lord, and the trunk is his hand.'"

I would say to all, Use your gentlest voice at home. Watch it day by day as a pearl of great price; for it will be worth more to you in days to come than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is joy, like the lark's song, to a hearth at home. It is a light that shines. Train it in sweet tones now, and it will keep in tune through life. — *Elihu Burritt.*

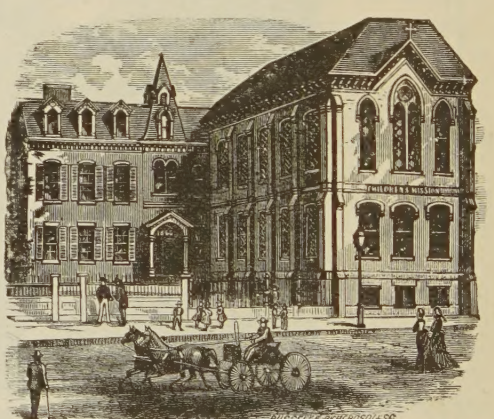
FANNIE'S THOUGHT, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY WILLIAM CROSBY.

"One should not only *be* good, but *do* good," was the thought that was in little Fannie's mind years before Dr. Carroll Everett said that "one should not only be good, but *be good for something.*"

Fannie was a little girl in one of our Sunday-schools, and the teaching there and at home had taught her to be gentle, loving, and kind. She had heard a great deal about the needs of the poor orphan, destitute, and neglected little children, and how they were suffering for want of the kind care which she and her young friends enjoyed in their homes, and she longed to be able to aid and comfort them. So it happened one day that she spoke the thought which was in her mind, and said to her father: "*Father, can't we children do something to help those poor little ones?*" These words of the child were like that little seed which Jesus said was the least of all seeds, but when it was grown it became a tree and gave shelter to the birds of the air; for out of her little thought and simple words came the *Children's Mission to the Children of the Destitute*, which has fed and clothed and sheltered many thousands of the poor children.

The good men who heard of little Fannie's words to her father saw what children might do if their generous feelings were excited, and what benefit might accrue to the doer as well as the receiver of kind acts; and from their faith in the Sunday-school children, the Children's Mission has come to be what it now is.



THE MISSION BUILDING

is at 277 Tremont Street, Boston; and there the work of the Mission is carried on. That part of the building in the rear is the *Home*. Here the poor homeless and friendless children come, hungry, ragged, and suffering, and find a home, with kind and motherly care. They are bathed, fed, nicely clothed, and remain under the charge of the matron until they can be permanently placed in good families in the country. They have all the comforts of a well-ordered home, with a school and teacher for their special service.

These are the children who have no kind fathers or mothers to love and care for them; no homes to shelter them when the cold stormy night comes on; no food to satisfy their hunger; no proper clothing, nor any of the comforts which the more fortunate enjoy; and, what is worst of all, they are those who, if a helping hand is not held out to them, will be led into evil ways, and be found in houses of correction and prisons. But they are also the children who grow up to be happy and good boys and girls, good men and women, if they

are cared for as they can be by the Mission. Here, also, come for temporary care children whose parents are, from sickness or poverty, unable to support them. These remain for a limited time, and are returned to their parents when they are able to provide for them.

The sleeping-rooms in the Home have nice, pretty, and comfortable beds, the children are kept neat and clean, are supplied with good food and clothing, and trained in habits of neatness, order, and good conduct.

The building in front contains the chapel, the school and play rooms, a store-room for clothing, the boys' wash-room, and in the basement the laundry and store-rooms. In the chapel on Sunday the Sunday-school is held, followed by a service for children and adults. Besides the children in the Home, these services are attended by children from all parts of the city. On Tuesday evenings the "Band of Hope," a society of young persons connected with the Mission, holds its meetings. This is a part of the work carried on for the children within the buildings; but there is much more of which there is not room here to tell.

But the best work of the Mission is in placing these homeless children in good homes, where they will have the opportunities and advantages which they need to enable them to grow up to be good men and women. Most of them do so, and are to be found in all parts of our country, doing good in their various ways. Some of the boys are clergymen, some are physicians, lawyers, merchants, and some are farmers. Many of the girls, too, are good wives and mothers, doing their part of the good work of the world. That those boys and girls are now good men and women, instead of being paupers or criminals, is owing to what children and other good friends have done for them in past years through the Children's Mission.

THE CHILDREN HELP TO DO THIS

in various ways: by their penny contributions in the Sunday-schools; by the Easter-offering, which many now are in the habit of making; by their little fairs; by the garments which are made by the "Busy Bees," "The Little Workers," and "The Helping Hands;" and by their gifts at home in

Children's Mission
No. 2500.
To the
Children of the Destitute
Whosoever giveth to these little ones shall in no wise lose his reward
It is more blessed to give than to receive.

THE LITTLE MITE-BOX,

which any child can have by sending to the Mission for it.

This is the beneficent work for children which has grown out of little Fannie's thought; and the lesson which the Mission teaches is, that children should be generous, benevolent, and helpful, having an unselfish regard for the good of others, willing and glad to give up something of their own for the comfort or necessities of others. This brings the double blessing for which the Mission was designed. "*It blesses him that gives and him that takes.*"

Is there anything more beautiful than this, — the care of the fatherless and motherless, the homeless and friendless, by children more favored? Our little ones feeding and sheltering those other lambs of Jesus *in His name!* Is there any pleasure greater, more real, or more lasting than that which comes from doing good to others?

THE LITTLE DO-NOTHING.

BY MRS. H. R. SHATTUCK.

THERE was once a little girl who thought she was of no account in the world. She was always wishing that she might do some great thing; and when she heard that this or that schoolmate had done some little commendable act, she always wished that *she* had done it, and mourned that *she* could "never be or do anything like the other girls." She never thought of what she was doing every day, or, if she did, she did not value it.

"Why cannot *I* paint a wild rose like Jennie, or play a piece on the piano like Maud?" she said to me one day; and when I replied, "Because you have not tried, Sadie," she said, "But I could n't if I did try. Everybody but me can do things. I 'm of no use, Auntie."

She looked up at me so pitifully that I determined to comfort her. So I took her upon my lap (though she is almost too big for that now) and said to her: —

"Now, Sadie, try to think if there is not something you do that is worth while. Tell me just what you do every day." After a moment's pause the little girl began: —

"Why, I wash the dishes, and make my bed, and sweep up the crumbs under the table, and — I guess that 's all."

"Well even that is something," I said; "but don't you help take care of the baby, too?"

"Oh, yes!" said Sadie; "but that is n't anything. Of course I do that."

"And don't you go to school, dearie?"

"Why, yes, I go to school; but everybody does that."

"And don't you get a good lesson almost every day?"

"My teacher says so," modestly replied the little "do-nothing."

"But I suppose all this amounts to nothing, does n't it, Sadie? You want to do something grand! that is it, is n't it, dear?"

"I never thought those things were anything," she said scornfully; "of course I do those, because I want to help Mamma and learn something at school."

"And I suppose you think 'everybody' does that too, don't you, Sadie?"

Sadie saw that I was laughing at her, but could not see the reason why; and I did not wish to tell her that very few little girls *want* to help their mammas and learn their lessons. So I only said: "Well, dear, keep on helping Mamma and learning your lessons, and I promise you that the grand thing you are to do will come to you sometime." Then I kissed her brown curls and rocked her in my arms like a baby, — this sweet little girl who thought she was of no account in the world.

After that, I used to watch Sadie when she was not looking, just to see the little things she would do that she thought of "no accouut." And I will tell you about one day, which was very much like all other days. After doing all the little things she could to help, and playing with baby till he forgot what it was to cry, Sadie started to do an errand at the grocery store. I happened to be going out too, and so I went with her. She always told me all her little troubles, and this day she said, just as we left the gate, —

"Auntie, Ethel May has made her dolly a whole new suit. I wish I could sew as nicely as Ethel does."

I was about to reply with some pleasant words when we heard a great laughing and shouting, and a poor ugly little yellow dog ran towards us followed by a crowd of big boys. I caught Sadie's hand and would have drawn her out of their way, but she left me, and running towards the dog she knelt down, threw her apron over him, and kept him there till the boys had gone by. I was afraid that the dog might bite her, and said: "How did you dare to go up to him so, Sadie? I would not."

"Oh, that 's nothing!" said she; "I was n't going to let him get hurt, of course, Auntie!"

Presently we came to a store window where there were ribbons and laces, and Sadie stopped and looked in.

"Anything you want, dear?" I asked, smoothing her bright pink cheek.

"I was wondering," she replied, "if Rosie's papa would tell her how sick Mamie Gray is, so she could go and see her. Would you tell him, Auntie?"

Of course I went with the thoughtful little girl while she sent the message.

A little way farther we saw on the ground a little brown bird trying to learn to fly. He had fluttered along from the tree into the middle of the sidewalk, where the passers-by could hardly help treading on him. Indeed, I did not see him at all; but Sadie did, and quickly picked him up and set him inside the fence, almost before I knew what she was doing. Just then some of her schoolmates came riding by, and when they saw Sadie they stopped and invited her to take a ride with them to the beach. My little girl wanted to go, for she loves the sea; but after a moment's hesitation she said: —

"I want to go ever so much, but I promised Mamma to come straight home and take care of Hally."

If I had not been with her the dear little girl would have lost her ride, but I told her to go, while I went home and told her mother and took her place by Hally's cradle. And on my way home I thought a great deal about Sadie, and made up my mind that this blessed child should not go on any longer thinking *she* did nothing of value, when, in that one day, she had done more *real* things than Ethel and Jennie and Maud, all put together. So, when we were all seated at the supper table, — Sadie and I side by side, — and Papa was cutting the big loaf of bread, I said I wanted to tell a story. And I told this very story I have been telling you, — how a little girl who thought she did nothing of any account in the world passed one day of her life, and all the kind and useful things she did, — telling just what Sadie had done that day, only I called the little girl "Mollie" instead of "Sadie." As I went on, Sadie's eyes grew bigger and bigger, and finally she said: —

"Why, Auntie, do you mean *me?*"

"Yes, you darling child," said I, hugging her close to my side and giving her a loving kiss; "yes, I mean you. That is what you are doing every day of your life and thinking it is of no accouut, while it is of the very best account. And remember, my darling," I said, turning her face towards me so that I could look right down into the depths of her sweet blue eyes, "remember that the little things that you do every day *are* of some account; and if you keep right on doing them the great things will come by and by, and soon enough, too, I promise you."

Teachers' Department.

Teachers should ever remember that their aim is to reach with their message the hearts of their scholars, and in order to do this should sedulously strive to have their own hearts in the lesson. With this end in view, a thorough study should be made and a complete knowledge gained of each scholar as to character, habits, disposition, and home-training. This knowledge gained, the teacher has a sure and certain road to that confidence and affection of the scholars upon which the success of teaching so much depends.

Our Question-Box.

Should Sunday-school teachers be prepared for their work as teachers are prepared in other departments?

It would certainly be useful to have something like a normal class to train teachers. It is a pity that in our Sunday-schools there are so few adult or Bible classes, which might serve at least to furnish the material for teachers. The essential thing however which qualifies a Sunday-school teacher is devotion, sympathy, "the spirit of Christ." This is more profound than any outward course or method of training, such as is suitable to those departments of teaching where the chief object is intellectual.

Ought a pupil to study the Sunday-school lesson out of school?

If a lesson is given at all, it ought to be learned, else the pupil will neither respect it nor be interested. On the other hand the Sunday-school cannot compel or coerce, but is committed by its characteristic spirit to reach its ends by persuasion and the cheerful co-operation of the pupils.

How far may a teacher diverge from the lesson prepared by the minister or superintendent?

That depends upon the wisdom and experience of the teacher, who may be obliged to adapt the lesson to the peculiar needs of a class, in view of which the lesson was not really prepared. The lesson as prepared is to serve and guide, not to trammel the teacher.

Should a teacher study her manner, or leave it to the impulse of the moment?

The teacher must beware of cultivating self-consciousness. Let her have clearly in mind what she is working for; let her have the spirit of love for the children, — and the manner will instinctively express her true thought and motive.

Should a teacher practise the art of how to tell a story to her class?

If a story will suit her purpose to illustrate a truth or principle, or if a story being noble in character will help make the pupils who hear it noble, let the teacher tell it as well as she can, — as any one always does tell a story who thinks the story a good one, and wishes the hearers to enjoy it too. That is all the art there need be of telling a story.

Our Book Table.

Class B.

Books for Intermediate Pupils.

Chivalric Days. By E. S. Brooks. Illustrated. N. Y.: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1886. pp. 308. Price, $2.00.

The readers of "Historic Boys" will welcome this new volume by the same author. The stories which he here tells illustrate, from the young lives of past ages, Sir Philip Sidney's definition of chivalry: "High erected thoughts seated in the heart of courtesy." The periods of history in which these chivalric deeds were done reach from 2500 B.C. to 1783 A.D.; and the places include Thebes, Carthage, Rome, London, the North Sea, and New York City. The delightful story of the "Captain of the Caravel" will be wholly new to American boys and girls.

Little Fishers and their Nets. By Pansy. D. Lothrop & Co. Boston, Mass. Price, $1.50.

This is the story of a home whose purity and sweetness had been degraded by intemperance. Two faithful little "fishers," Nan and Gerald, by a continual and most skilful casting out of their nets, bring back to that home even more than its former happiness. The home now stands for God and Right, and for Christ. While this book contains much that is improbable and is written from the Evangelical standpoint, its spirit is genuinely sweet and inspiring, and its bits of child portraiture very natural and winning. K. L. B.

Kathie's Experience. By Emily Huntington Miller. Boston: Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society. pp. 225. Price $1.00.

The plan of this volume is novel. Kathie, who is recovering from an illness, determines to write a book. This she does by dictating to her aunt some of her own experiences. The aunt adds several delightful stories, which will please and edify the reader as they did Kathie. Such simple and sweet stories as "A Little Woman" and "The Fairies of the Wengern Mountains" are as wholesome and pleasing as any of Madame Spyri's writings. Let the book find a place in the home and the Sunday-school libraries.

Christmas at Surf Point. By Willis Boyd Allen. Boston: Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society. Price $1.00.

This is the title of an indescribably tender and helpful little story. A lovely young girl goes to a neglected nook on the Maine coast and teaches the village school. Through her the children have their first real Christmas; and it is the kind of feast which Jesus meant when he bade the halt, the lame, the blind, the sinful, and the weary come. The spirit of this book is genuinely broad and sweet. We have only the warmest praise for it. K. L. B.

Class C.

Books for Teachers and Adult Classes.

His Star in the East. A Study in the Early Aryan Religions. By Leighton Parks. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., 1887. pp. 292. Price, $1.50.

This volume contains the substance of the author's Lowell Institute lectures on "Christianity and the Early Aryan Religions." Though not so comprehensive a study of comparative religions as Dr. Clarke's "Ten Great Religions," the book is an admirable supplement thereto. The author is a scholar of the Broad Church school of theology, who believes that God revealed himself to the Hindu and the Persian as well as to the Jew, and that the study of the records of those older revelations is most helpful to the Christian teacher. We heartily commend this volume to our Sunday-school teachers, our pastors, and the members of our Bible-classes.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL INTELLIGENCE.

A correspondent writes from Jackson, Mich.: —

"Our Sunday-school in connection with the Unitarian Church is more flourishing than it has ever been before, and our Society contemplate building a chapel costing three thousand dollars, in rear of the church; the money is already raised."

The Channing Sunday-School in Newton, Mass., has recently added to the beautiful pictures which adorn the walls of its room a handsome engraving of Doré's famous painting, "Christ leaving the Prætorium." The picture is the gift of Mr. Robert W. Lord, formerly a member of the school. The presentation exercises took place on Sunday, April 23, when the pastor, Rev. F. B. Hornbrooke, spoke to the school on the meaning of such generosity on the part of the donor, testifying as it did to his appreciation of the influence of the Sunday-school on his own character. Rev. H. G. Spaulding followed in a few remarks explanatory of the picture, calling special attention to the figure of Christ, in which manliness and tenderness are blended. He regarded the picture as one of the greatest works of modern religious art.

At the spring meeting of the Norfolk Conference, held April 27 at Jamaica Plain, the afternoon session was given to Sunday-school matters. An admirable essay on "The Present Needs of the Sunday-school" was read by Miss Kate L. Brown. In the discussion that followed, Mr. Spaulding, Mr. Welch, and Rev. G. H. Young took part.

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